



Newmark.

Air.

Come holy spirit heavenly dove, With all thy quickning powers;

Rochester.

Air.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; For

Walsale.

Air.

Mark from the tombs My voice,

Arlington.

Air.

Jesus with all thy saints above. My tongue would bear her part;

Silver-Street.

Air.

Come sound his praise abroad, & Sing Je-

Alisbury.

Air.

The god we worship now, Will guide us till we die;

St. Thomas.

Air.

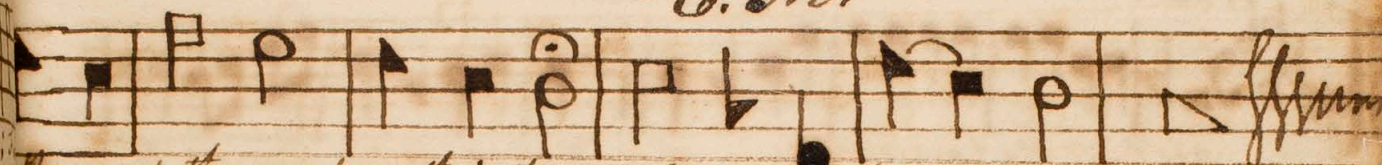
To bless thy chosen race, In mercy Lord incline;

C. M.



Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

C. M.



Thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

C. M.



Ye ground, where lie,

C. M.



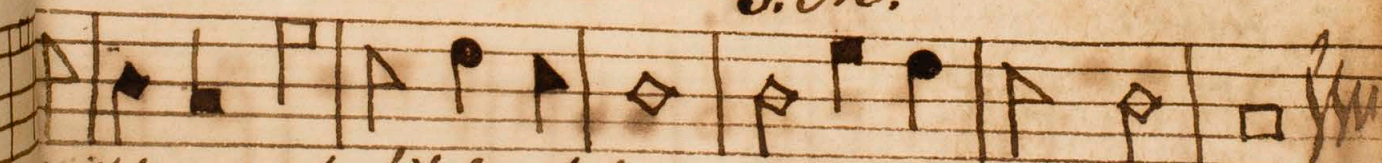
How'd sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

S. M.



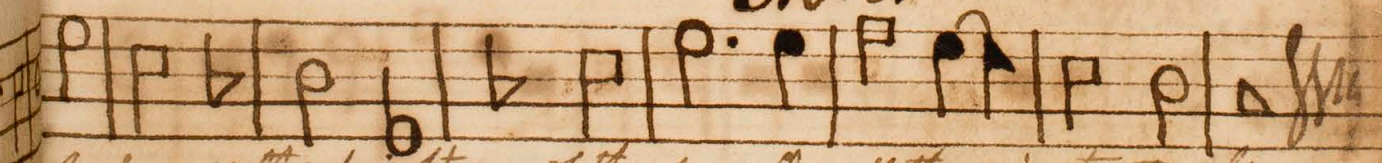
hovah
god, the universal king.

S. M.



Will be our god while here below, And ours above the skie.

S. M.



And cause the brightness of thy face, On all thy saints to shine

treble. North-Salem.

My soul come stands, when thou

treble. Coronation.

All hail the power Being

treble. China.

why do we mourn

Air. Dalston.

How pleased & blust Come day

Air. Portugal.

Now shall my minutes smoothly run, while here I wait my
brothers will;

treble. Wells.

Life is the time

treble. Windham.

Brood is the road.

C. M.



C. M.



C. M.



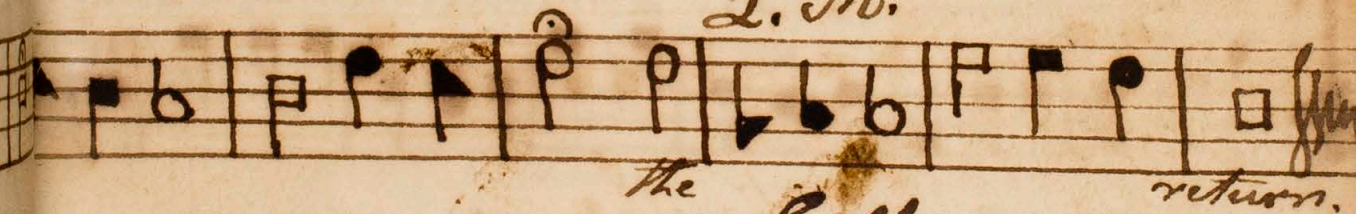
P. M.



L. M.



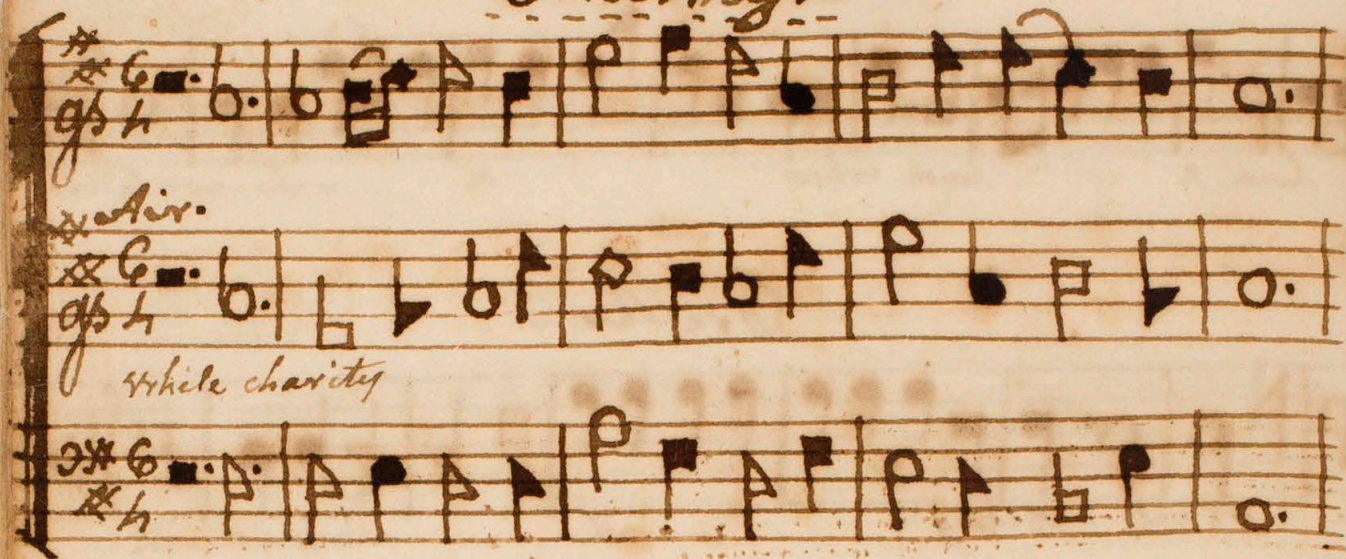
L. M.



L. M.



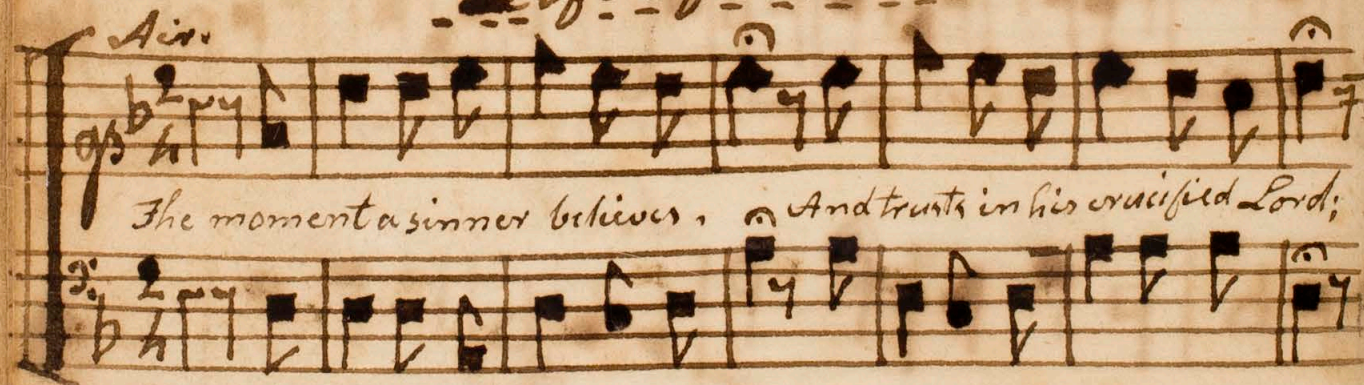
Charity.



While Charity inspires the breast,
 † The noblest passions move;
 † Thus music cheers the drooping mind,
Like beams of heavenly love.

Mercy divine with endless peace,
 Make harmony in heav'n;
 2: A privilege immensely great
For men so freely giv'n.

Life of Faith.

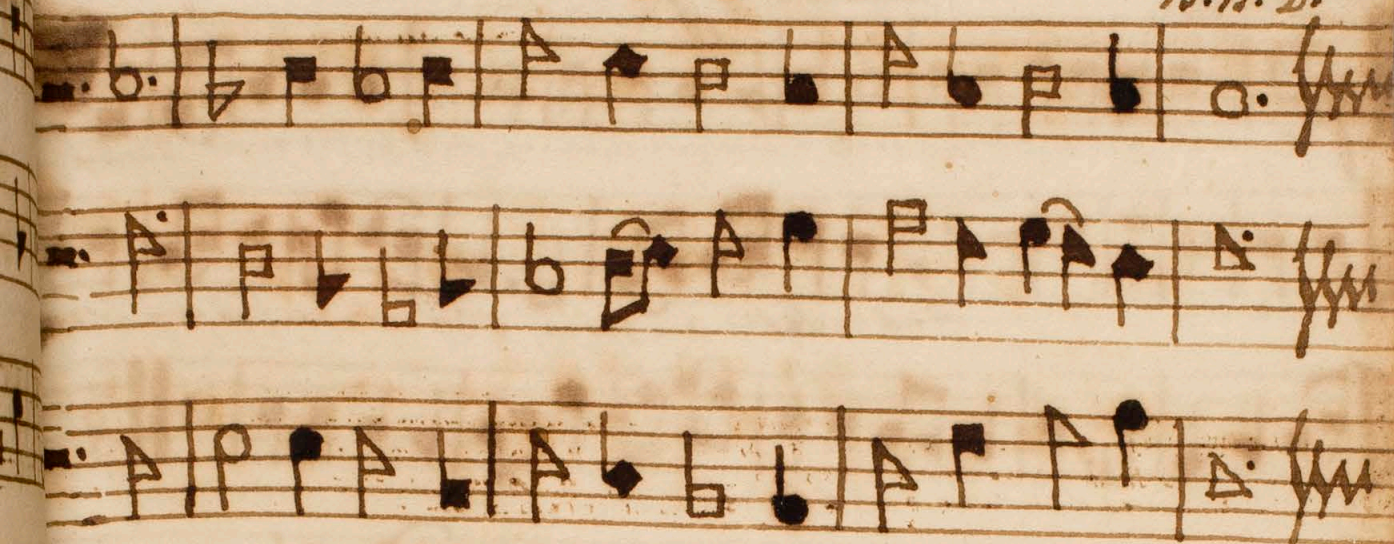


The moment a sinner believes, And trusts in his crucified Lord;

† The Bible, is justly esteem'd,
 † The glory supreme of the land;
 † Which shows how a sinner's redeemed,
And bro't to Jehovah's right hand.

C. M.

W. B. D.



Let us pursue the course describ'd,
 3. And strive to gain the prize;
 Immortal Crowns of endless bliss,
 Above the rolling skies.

The friends of truth & peace write,
 In praise and social love;
 4. Where glory beams from every face
 In endless light above.



his pardon at once he receives, Redemption in full thro' his blood.

With pleasure we freely confess,
 2. The Bible does all books outshine;
 But Jesus, his person and grace
 Affords it that lustre divine.

Babylon.

treble

Come sing us one of Zion songs, & melody perform, And by the river Babylon
 & mourn. And melody perform, My aires are fled, my life
 all out of tune, Well may I sit & sigh & mourn, the best of friends is gone.
 mighty love inspires my heart & pleasure tunes my tongue. Almighty,
 scarlet red, or like the crimson gore, I shall be white as fleecy snow
 no more, And no more

Loving-Kindness.

Awake my soul to joyful lays, And sing the great
 loving kindness O how free. loving kindness, loving kin

An Ode.

no longer sit & mowen, m. m. And by no
 we & my joys all mixed with } My harp is on the willows hung, & the strings
 pain. }
 Now shall my inward joys arise & burst in to a song, Al-
 & my tongue, Altho' my sins be
 & stain'd with sin no more, I shall be

L. M.

deceivers / waise; He justly claims a song from me, His
 His loving kindness O how free

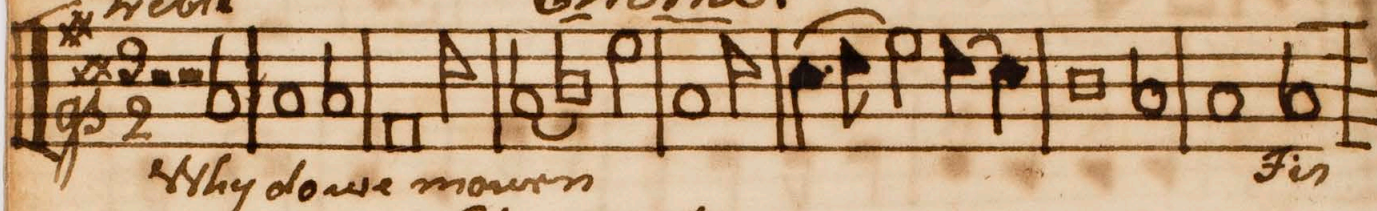
Marillia.

treble.



China.

treble



St. Martins.

Air.



treble.

Troy.



treble

Dissolution.



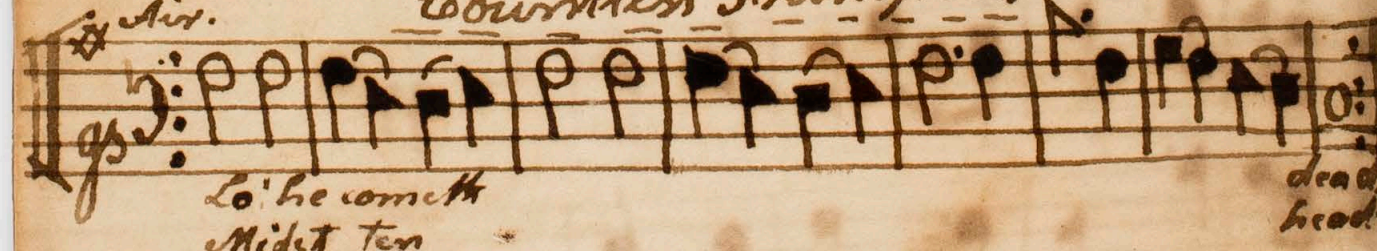
Winter.

Air.



Countless Trumpets.

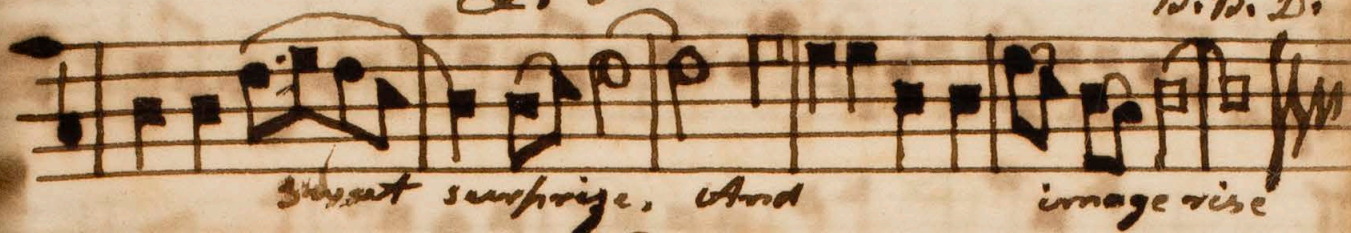
Air.



Lo! he cometh, Countless trumpets,
Blows to raise the sleeping dead!
Midst ten thousand saints & angels
See the great exalted head, —

S. M.

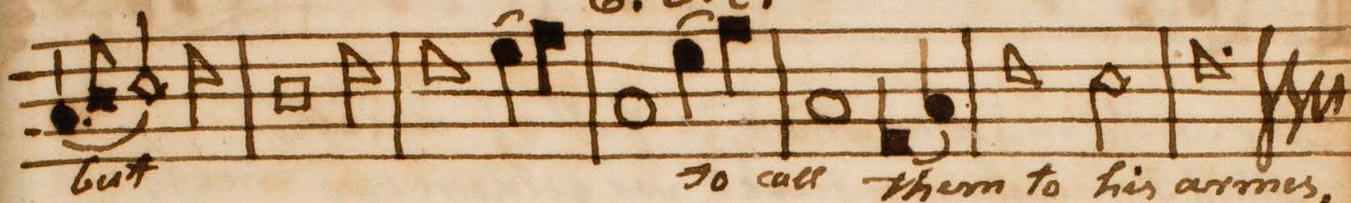
B. B. D.



Sweet surprise, And

image rise

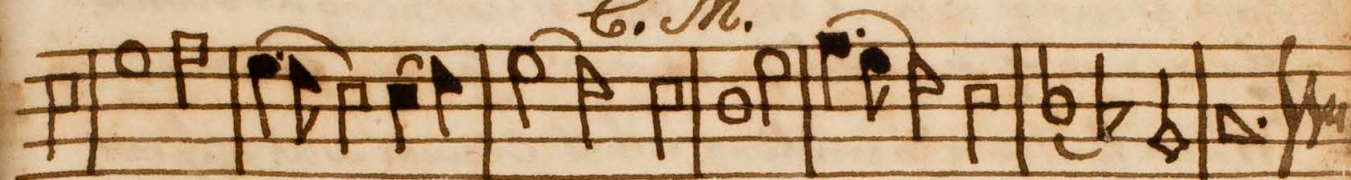
C. M.



but

to call them to his arms,

C. M.



S. M.



Let

still

my shame.

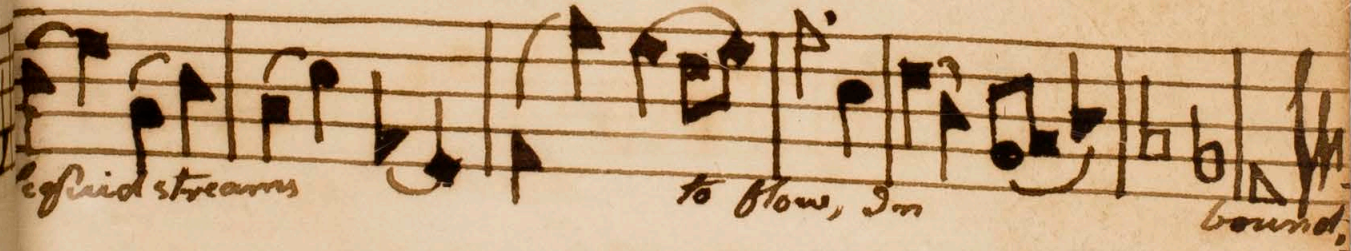
S. M.

B. B. D.



must these active limbs of mine lie mouldring in the clay.

C. M.



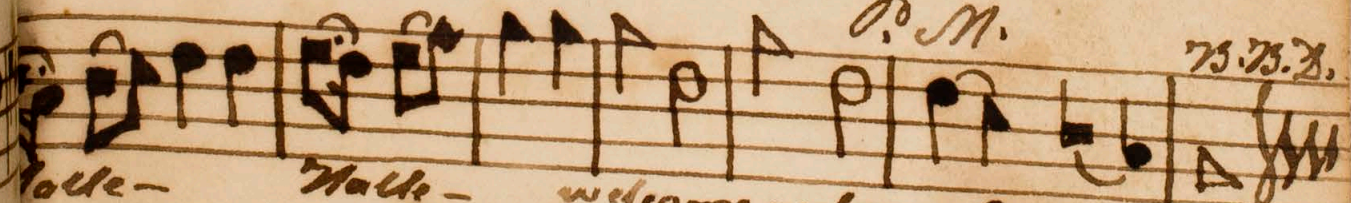
cease streams

to flow, I'm

bound.

P. M.

B. B. D.



Halle -

Halle -

welcome welcome Son of God.



The world my dear Misa, is full of deceit,
And Friendship's a jewel, we seldom can meet;
1. How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
The sources of Friendship, so rare to be found.
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
2. Their kindness to offer, & Friendship sincere;
Then change but the prospect, & point out distress;
No longer to court you, they'll eagerly press.
How much to be surpris'd, and esteem'd is a Friend,
3. On whom we may always, with safety depend;
Our joys when extended, do always increase,
Our griefs when divided, are hush'd into peace.

Orton Ville.



Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd,
Upon a Saviour's brow;



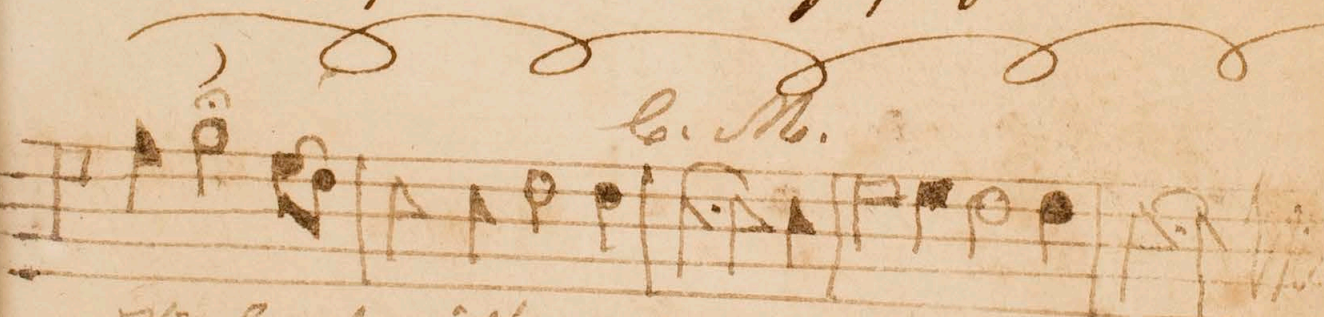
Oh grant me kind heavens, A friend that's sincere,
 4. To baffle each grief, & dissolve every care;
 Whose sweet conversation, devoid of deceit,
May with moral instruction, be ever replete.

With such a Companion, how sweet were a life,
 5. Tho' nothing but care, & unrelieved with strife;
 How calm might we meet, the approach of our end,
And cheerfully die, in the arms of our Friend.

Chorus —

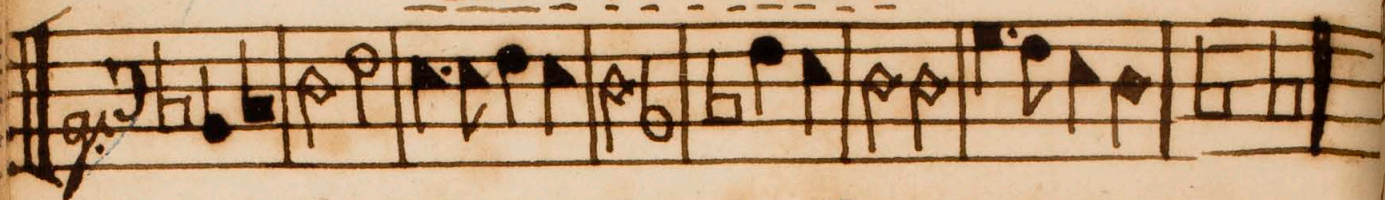
O Friendship, thou balm, & rich sweetness of life,
 Kind Parent of ease, & composer of strife;
 Without thee alas! what are ^{richer} ease and power,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

C. M.



His head with radiant glories crown'd
 His lips with grace ever flow.

The Handiwer.



Cold was the nightwind, drifting fast the snow fell,
 Wide was the downs & shelterless and naked;
 When a poor Handiwer, struggled on her journey
 Weary and way sore.

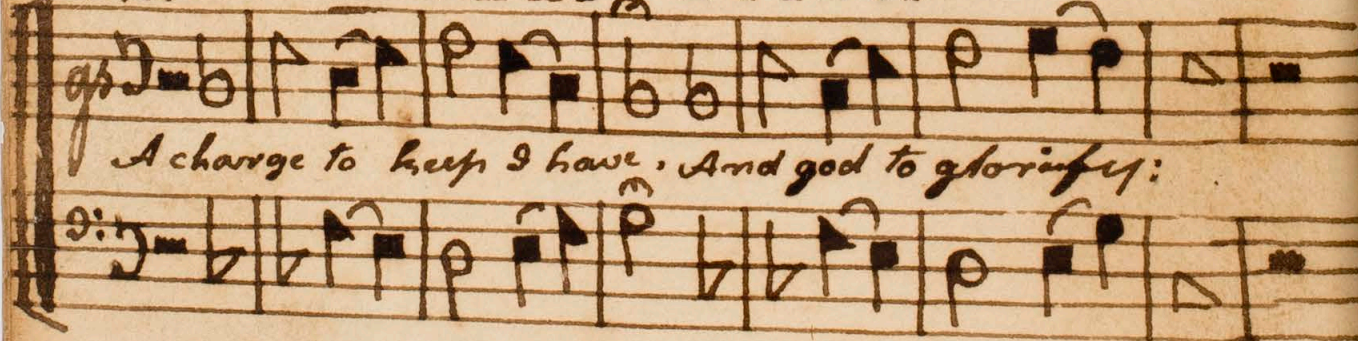
Drear was the downs, more dreary her reflection,
 Cold was the nightwind, colder still her bosom,
 She had no home, the world was before her,
 She had no shelter.

Fast ere the gleath, when rattling drove a Chariot
 Pity me feeble cild, this poor night Handiwer,
 Pity me Strangers, lest with cold & hunger,
 Here I should perish.

Once I had friends, but they have now forsook me
 Once I had Parents, they are now in heaven;
 I had a home once, I had once a Husband
 Pity me strangers.

Solemn Truth.

Air.



A charge to keep I have, And god to glorify:

— — — A saphic Ode.



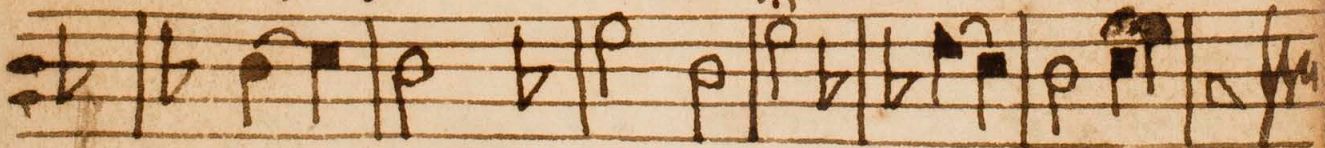
4. I had a home once, I had once a Husband,
 5. I am a Widow poor, and broken hearted;
 6. Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
 On ~~went~~ ^{droug} ~~the~~ ^{the} Chariot.

On the cold snow, she laid her down to rest her,
 She heard a horseman, pity me she groand out;
 6. Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining
 On went the Horseman.

Horn out with anguish, toil & cold & hunger,
 7. Down sunk the Wanderer, Sleep had seiz'd her senses,
 There did the traveler, find her in the morning,
 God had releas'd her.



A neww dying soul to save, And fit it for the shies.

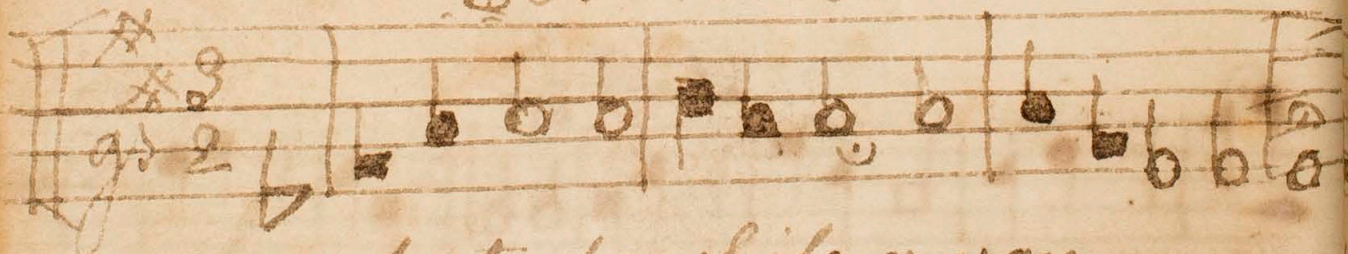


Heavenly Union.



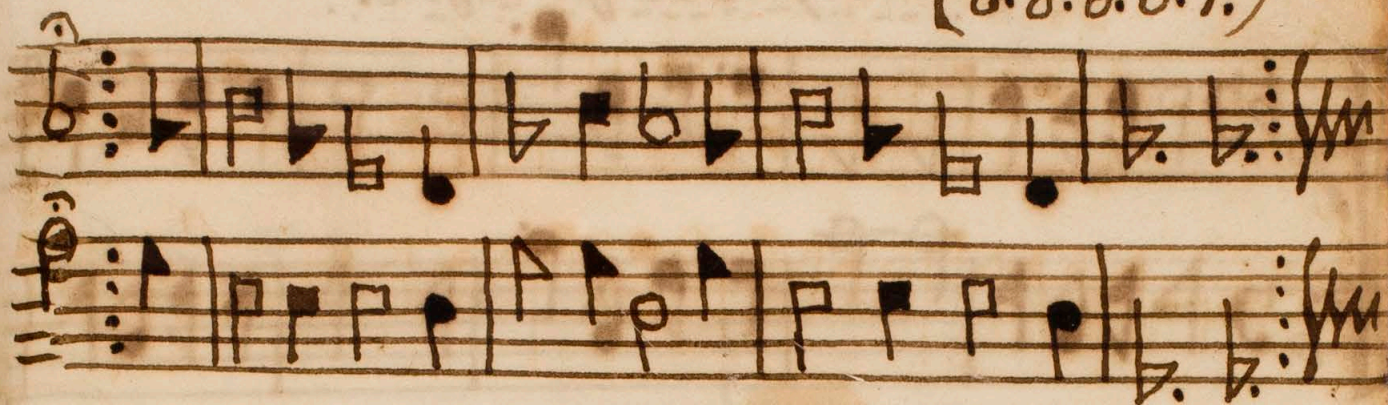
- Come saints and sinners hear me tell,
 The wonders of Emmanuel,
 Who sav'd me from a burning hell;
 And bro't my soul in him to dwell,
 And gave me heavenly Union==
 When Christ the Saviour from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie;
 He look'd on me with pitying eye;
 And said to me as he pass'd by,
 With God you have no Union.==
- Then I began to weep and cry;
 I look'd this way, and that to fly:
 It griev'd me sore that I must die;
 I strove salvation for to buy:
 But still I had no Union.==

Corinth.



- I love to steal awhile away,
 From every cumbering care;
 And spend the hours of sitting day
 In humble greatful prayer,

(8.8.8.8.7.)

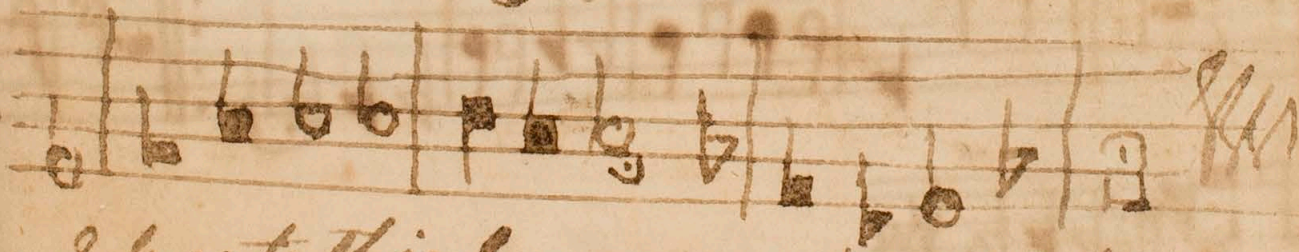


But when I hated all my sins,
The dear Redeemer took me in;
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
4. And O! what seasons I have seen,
Ever since I felt this Union.

I pray'd the Lord both night & day;
And went from house to house to pray;
5. And if I meet one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly Union.

I wonder not, why saints do sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing;
6. And make the heavenly arches ring:
With loud Hosannas to their King,
Who bro't their souls to Union.

C. M.



I love to think on mercies past
2. And future good in store;
And all my cares & sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

Let us prove faithful...



1. O Let us prove faithful, faithful for

2. I'll try to be faithful — — — —

3. They'll be no more sinning, sinning, sin

4. They'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sor

5. There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jes

6. O there will be praising, praising, pra

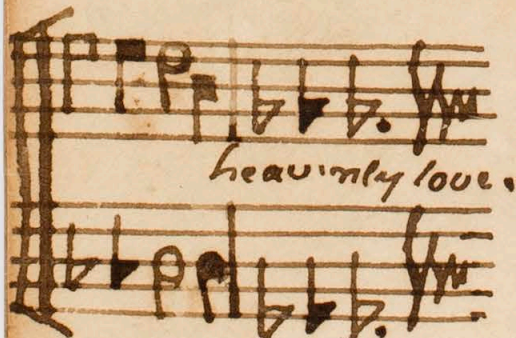
7. There we shall sing Glory, Glory, Glo

Sincerity...



Far from -
vain would

done from thee. } My



Heavenly love.



ithful, Till we all shall meet above.

" — Till we — " — " — " — above.

ing, When we all shall meet above.

row, When we all shall meet above.

us, — When we all shall meet above.

ising. When we all shall meet above.

ry When we all arrive at horne.

L. M.

W. B. B.



Air. New George Whitfield's Farewell.



Farewell dear Brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee;

1st My stammering tongue shall speak aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea,
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

Farewell in bonds of union dear,
Like strings ye twine about my heart;

2nd I humbly beg your earnest prayer
Fill we shall meet, no more to part:
Fill we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in the arms of Love.

Farewell Young People great & small,
While God doth grant me breath to breathe;

3rd I'll pray to the eternal all,
That your dear souls may turn & live;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign with God eternally.

P. M.



Farewell my earthly friends below,
Who are so near and dear to me;
My genius calls & I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee;
To sound the joy and bring the news
To gentile worlds and royal Jews.

Farewell to all below the Sun,
And as I pass in tears below;
The path is straight my feet shall run,
My God will lead me where I go:
My God will hold me in his hand
And bring me to the promised land.

Farewell Farewell, I look above,
Jesus my friend to thee I call;
My joy, My crown, My only love,
My safeguard here, my heaven above;
My theme to preach, my joy to sing,
My only hope in Death Amen.

My easy Mind.

Air.



Tell me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth & carnal joys,

The things I lov'd before;

1. Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

Tell me no more of praise & wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,

For these all have their snares:

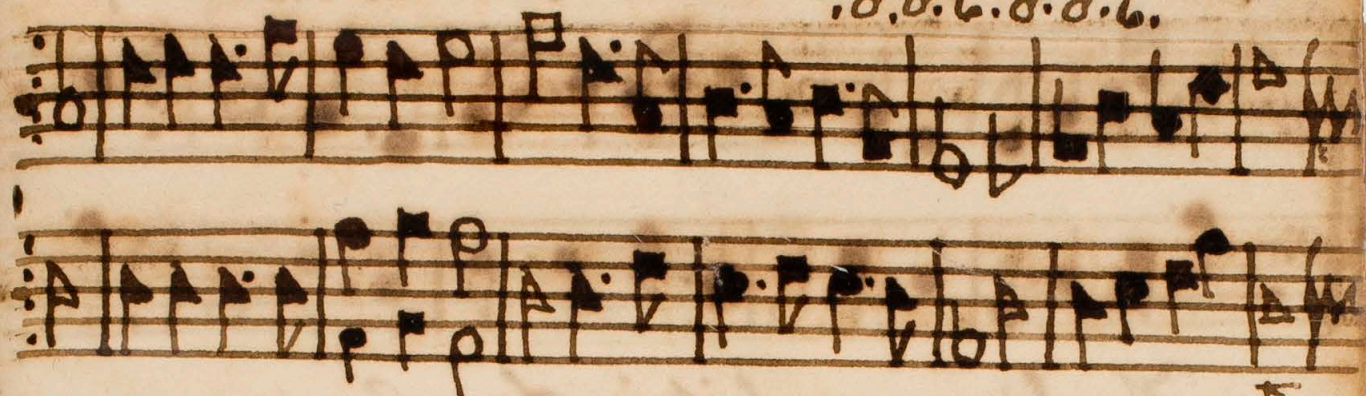
2. Let me but know my sins forgiven
But see my name enroll'd in heav'n
And I am free from cares.

Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,

For these are trifling things:

3. The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind
As palaces of things.

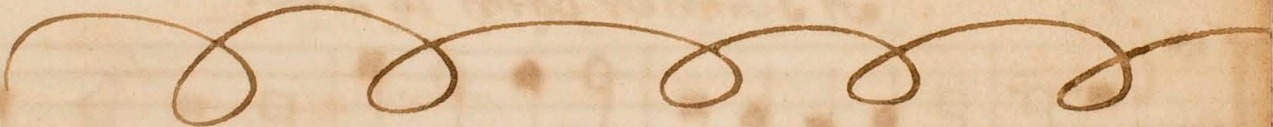
.8.8.6.8.8.6.



Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress.
Extravagance and waste:
My little table only spread,
With wholsom herbs and wholsom bread,
Will better suit my taste.

Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And Faith to trust the Lord:
I'd sit alone from day to day
Or urge my Company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

Hymn compos'd by a young
Female Convert.



Say; Poor sinner; Lovest thou me;



Mark; my soul it is the Lord,
 For thy Saviour, hear his word;
 1. Jesus speaks & speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner lovest thou me.
 "I deliverd thee when bound,
 And when wounded heal'd thy wound.
 2. Sought the wandering, set the right
 "Turn'd thy darkness into light.
 "Can a woman's tender care,
 Cease towards the Child she bear;
 3. Yes she may forgetful be
 "Yet will I remember me.

Air. A Sinner born to Die.

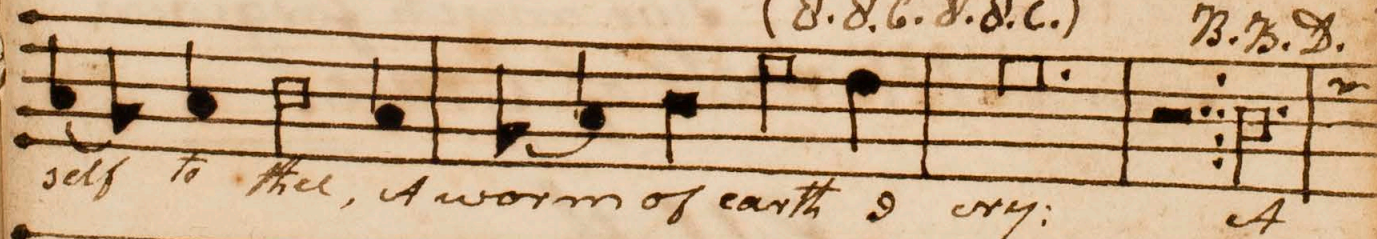
Thou God of glorious majesty, To thee against my
 half awaked child of man, An heir of endless



"Mine is an unchanging love,
th Higher than the heights above;
^h Deeper than the depths beneath,
 "Free and faithful, strong as death.
 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
th When the work of grace is done;
^b "Partner of my throne shall be
 "Say, 'poor sinner, 'Lovest thou me?
 Lord it is my chief complaint,
th That my love is weak & faint;
^c Yet I love thee, and adore,
O! for Grace to love thee more.

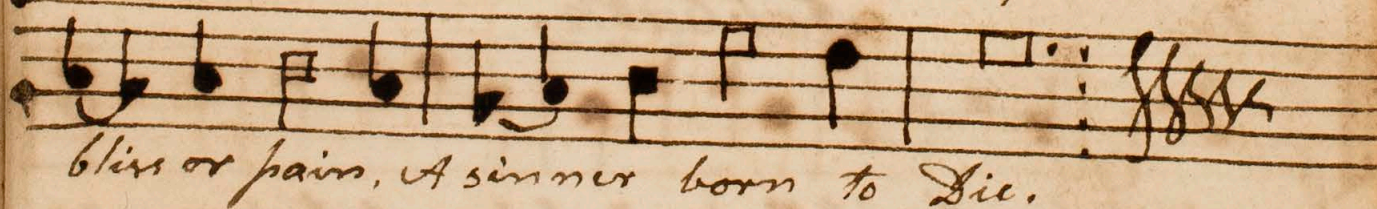
(8.8.6.8.8.6.)

B. B. B.



self to thee, A worm of earth I cry:

A



bliss or pain, A sinner born to die.

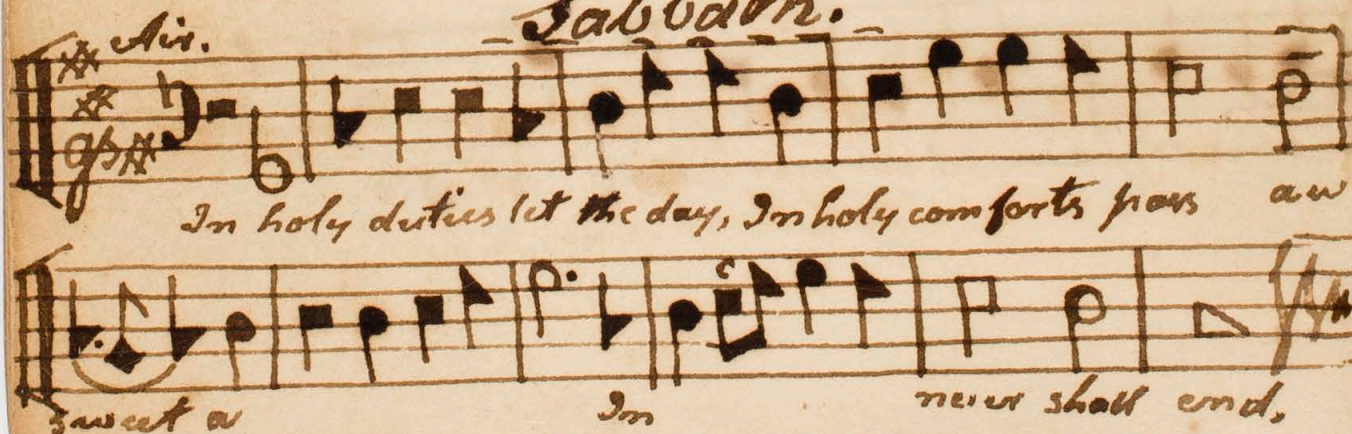
Miracle of Grace.



Hail! thou ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee, I wish to sing;
 Too my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
 O, what mercy flows from heaven,
 O, what joy and happiness;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven
I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Once with Adams race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed by:
 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy & peace:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Sabbath.



In holy duties let the day, In holy comforts pass aw

sweet a

In

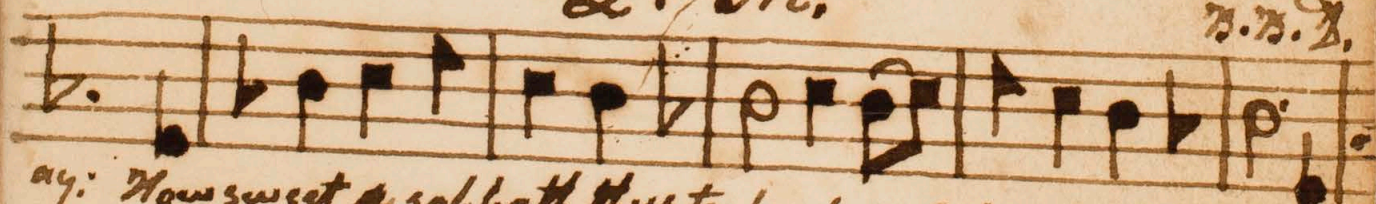
never shall end,



Shout! ye bright Angelic host!
 Praise the Lamb; enthroned above;
 While astonished I admire,
 2. Gods free grace & boundless love;
 3. Witness all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemers tenderness:
 Love I much; I've much forgiven,
I'm a Miracle of Grace.

L. M.

N. B. B.



ay: How sweet a sabbath thus to spend, in hope of one that
 never shall end.

Sovereign Grace.



Sovereign Grace hath power alone,
 & To subdue the heart of stone;
 1. And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
 When our Lord was crucified,
 2. Two transgressors with him died;
 2. One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
 Thus he spent his sinful breath,
 3. In the very jaws of Death;
 3. Perish'd as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
 But the other touch'd by grace,
 th. Saw the danger of his case;
 4. Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whome the Scribes & Priests abhor'd.



Lord he cries remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be;
 Soon with me the Lord replies,
Thou shalt rest in Paradise.

This was wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace to help in time of need;
 Sinners trust the Saviour's Name,
You shall find him still the same.

But beware of unbelief.
 Think upon the hardened thief;
 If the Gospel you disdain;
Christ for you hath died in vain,

This is wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace to help in time of need;
 Why, O why, should we despair
Of the Saviour's tender care.

I languish I faint to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode;
1. O, when shall I rise in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

I long to behold him array'd,
With glory and light from above;
2. The King in his beauty display'd,
The beauty of holiest love.

On Zion, O, when shall I stand,
And there, (as rehears'd in his word,)
3. The breadth of Emmanuels land,
Survey'd in the light of the Lord.

How happy the people that dwell,
Secure in the City above!
4. No pain its inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

O, lover of souls, unto me
Thy pledges of holiness give;
5. And then from this desert set free,
And then to thy City receive.

When there on thy bosom reclind,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see;
6. The "fullness of joy," I shall find,
The "heaven of heaven" in thee.

Life of Faith.

Life of Faith

